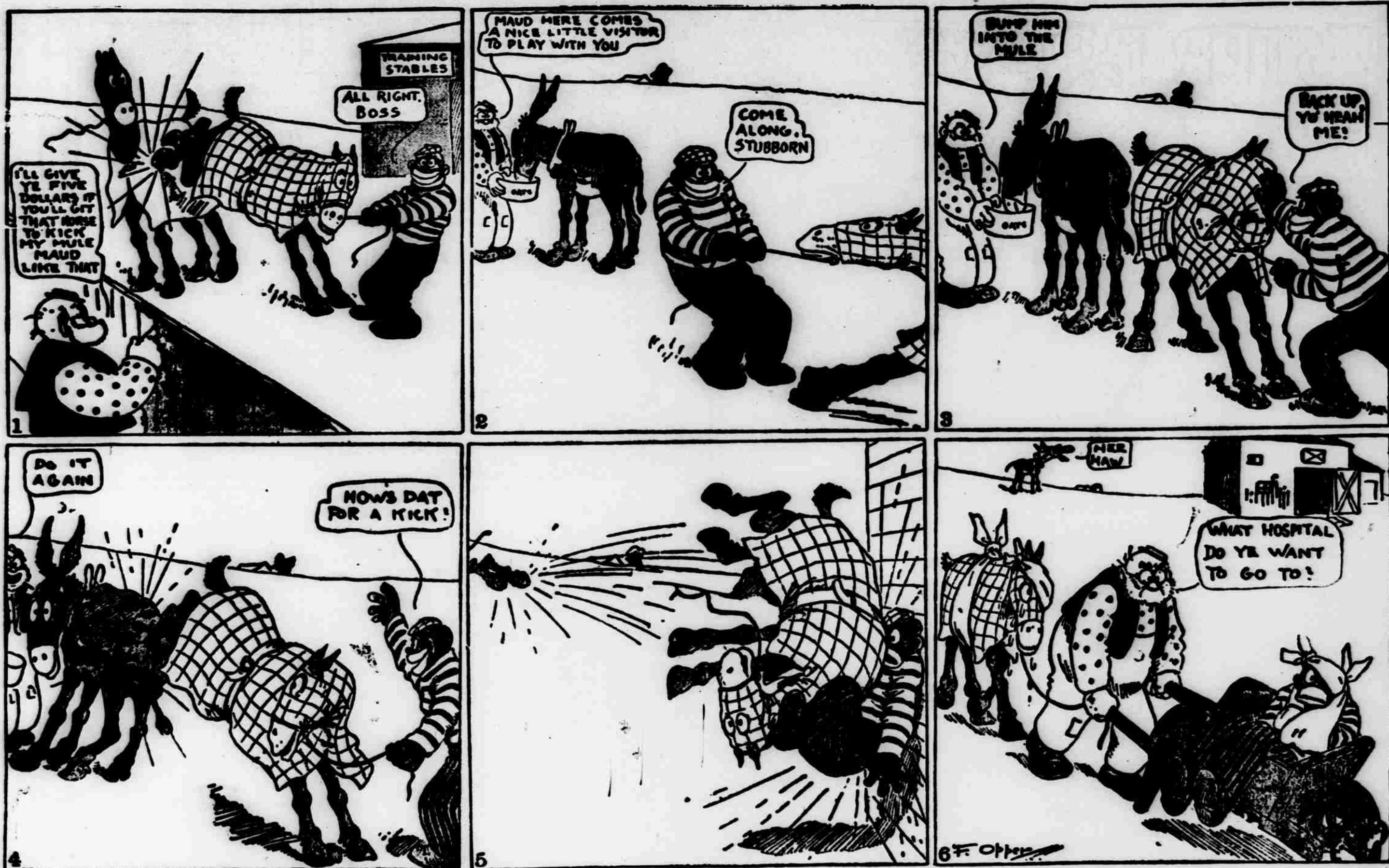
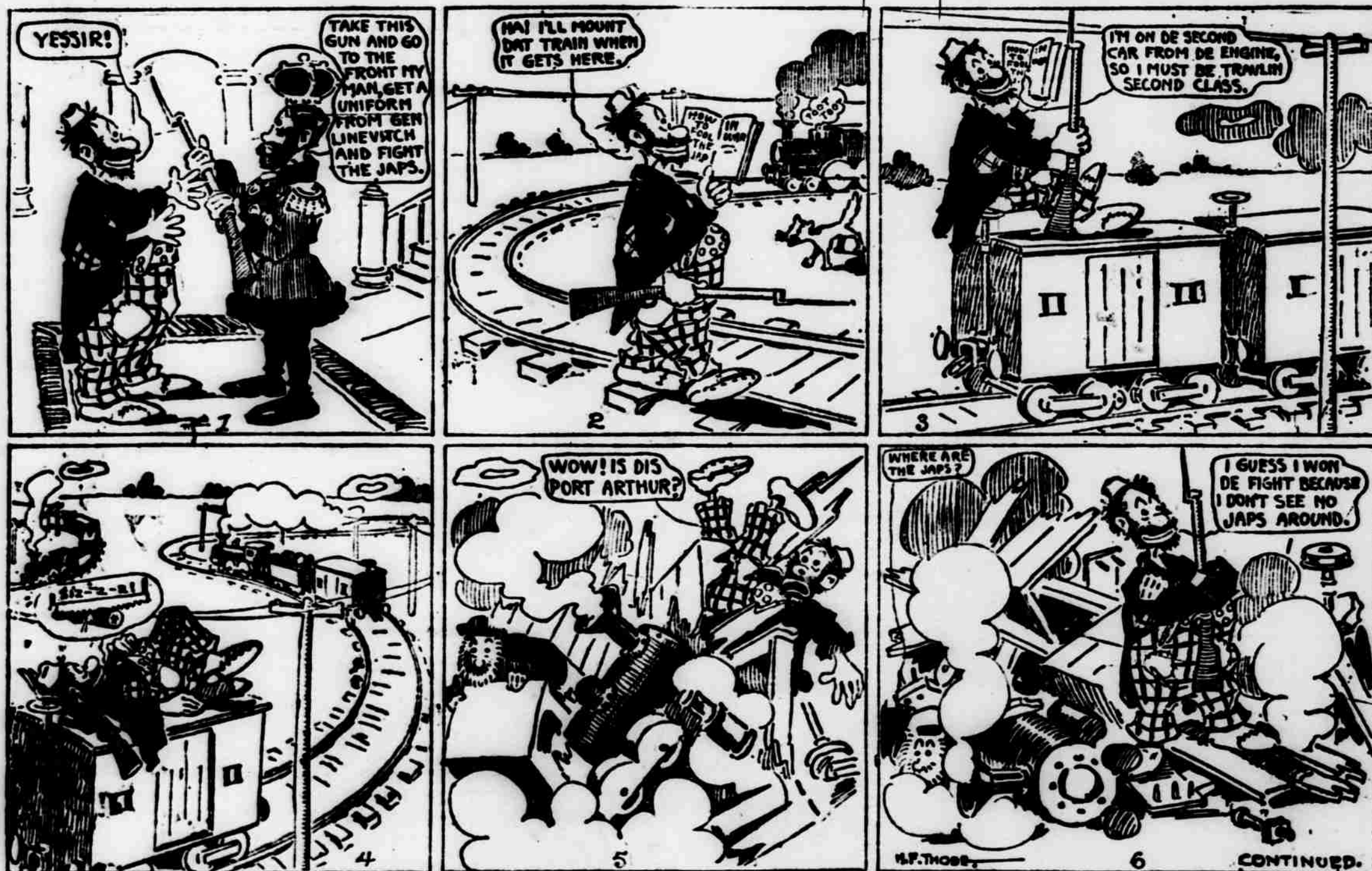


# AND HER NAME WAS MAUDI!



## GOODRICH MUDD LEAVES RUSSIA FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.



### PA'S VIEW OF IT.



"What, pa, what is a brain worker?"  
"A brain worker, my son, is a man who spends all he makes trying to live up to the position he holds."—Pittsburg Press.

**Mental Effort.**  
"It is stated," we observe to the bald-headed man, "that the hair of mental workers falls out sooner than that of men in other lines of endeavor. Is your profession one of great mental effort?"  
"It certainly is," he replied. "I compose the glowing advertisements of hair tonics."—Judge.

**The Safe Side.**  
"What are you trying to do for your country?"  
"My friend," answered Senator Bingham, "I am keeping on the safe side. Some statesmen try to do so much for their country that people get the impression that they are getting prominent and famous."—Washington Star.

### NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED.



"I hear that you are quite a connoisseur of music, professor."  
"Oh, yes! But don't mind that. Play right on."

### COULDN'T POOL HIM.



"Get a letter for me?"  
"Name, please?"  
"Say, can't you see the name on the letter?"—Chicago Journal.

### The Moral Being Clothed.

"The young fellow at the soda-water fountain seems to be a pretty active lad."  
"He is the best employee I've ever had. He keeps his eyes open for all the little details, no matter how small. See him waiting on that dark-complexioned girl who just came in. There, he's wrapping up an atomizer for her and putting a pink string around it. If the girl was a blonde he'd use a blue string. Why, only the other day a red-haired girl with freckles came in and asked for a 3-cent postage stamp, and Oscar persuaded her to take two 1-centers instead—the green matched so much more harmoniously with her Titian tresses. Oh, he's a treasure, all right, all right."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Two of a Kind.

"Who is that handsome middle-aged woman with white hair?"  
"That is Mrs. De Brown. She is prematurely old."  
"And her youthful friend with the dark hair?"  
"That is her mother—she is prematurely young."  
"Hello, Pat. How do you like your new house?"  
"Faith, an' I like it well enough, except for the attic, and that's too high up."  
"Sure, this, why don't you put the attic on the ground floor?"—Princeton Tiger.

### STOMACH TROUBLE.



"What seems to be your greatest trouble?"  
"Tryin' to get away with some of the grub that is passed out to him."  
"Nervy indeed."  
"The folks who tamize me most," exclaimed the charming miss, "are men who call and have the nerve to ask me for a kiss."  
"Pretty bad."  
"Ringmaster: "What is the matter with the knife thrower's assistant lately?"  
"Crown: "Oh, she cut him dead, I hear."—Princeton Tiger.

### Mail to the West!

"The output of the Missouri lead smelter is equal in value to all the production of the silver mines of Colorado."—Governor Felt.

Hail to the host! Bird of contented mind. Pattern of probeness; thrifty and serene. Let eagles soar into the distant blue. The fence-rail still is good enough for you. For well you know that they who soar too high Are like to take a tumble, by and by.

You envy none their treasures, but proceed To make yourself a mine of wealth, indeed. You hunt no craggy home in lofty air, But seek the hay-mow, since you are aware That simple joys are sweetest after all. And likewise that pride goes before a fall.

Although your praises never may be heard With such fine phrases as "proud freedom's bird"; Though speeches seldom mention you at length, You are an emblem of the nation's strength. You make no boast of song or fine display, But mind your own affairs from day to day.

—Washington Star.

### FEMININE ANSWERS.



Miss Gush: "What do you think of my new hunter? Isn't he a dream?"  
Mrs. Sharp: "Quite. A perfect nightmare, I should say."  
Sagacious.  
Miss Lily: "A man with a past is always the most interesting kind, don't you think so?"  
Miss Lily: "Well, no. To tell the truth, I am looking for one with a future."—Detroit Free Press.